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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *May* the 20th, 1756.

THE two following letters are ſo whimſically contraſted, and the young people who are the ſubjects of them ſo particularly adapted to each other, that though I have never profeſſed myſelf an advocate for the trade of match-making, I cannot help wiſhing that by means of this paper they may grow acquainted with each other. It is for this reaſon that I have taken the very firſt opportunity of publiſhing the letters of their parents.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

As you have undertaken the ſocial office of redreſſing grievances, I ſhall lay one before you, which I am ſure muſt have often occurred to you, though I do not remember

remember that you have hitherto animadverted upon it. The grievance I am ſpeaking of is of ſo fatal a tendency, that wit, parts, learning, education, knowledge, reading and travel, are rendered utterly uſeleſs by it, and by which the moſt illiterate dunce, who has never been at ſchool, nor opened a book beſides the Fairy Tales, provided his outſide be properly ornamented, is exactly upon a level with the moſt accompliſhed gentleman. This grievance, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is no other than the pernicious cuſtom of card-playing, which has of late ſo univerſally prevailed in all private families, as well as public aſſemblies.

I AM not conſidering this cuſtom in it's neceſſary conſequences of deſtroying fortunes and conſtitutions, ruffling tempers, promoting quarrels, and occaſioning almoſt infinite diſtreſſes and diſquietudes; for if taken ſingly in this point of view, it is only hurtful to thoſe who are the promoters of it, and is of little or no conſequence to the reſt of mankind, who are not ſharers in the evil.

I MUST inform you, ſir, that I am the father of an only ſon, to whom (as I have a large eſtate to leave him) I have given the moſt perfect education that this country can afford: and it is the higheſt ſatisfaction to me that none of my care has been thrown away upon him. When he had finiſhed his ſtudies at the univerſity, and perfected himſelf in town in all the neceſſary accompliſhments of a young man of faſhion, I ſent him, under the direction of a very excellent tutor, on his travels through France, Italy and Germany; from which, after an abſence of four years, he returned laſt winter, improved beyond my utmoſt hopes.

BUT, alas, ſir! when I expected to ſee him the admiration of all companies, and to have been every where congratulated on the happineſs of having ſuch a ſon, I found, from the univerſal attention to cards, that his acquirements were totally unnoticed, and that all the coſt and trouble I had been at in his education, anſwered no other purpoſe than to make him company for himſelf, and a few unfaſhionable friends who have no commerce with the world.

IF

If this infatiable paſſion continues, it were as well if our public ſchools and univerſities were aboliſhed, and that travel and all other means of acquiring knowledge and refinement were at once prohibited; and in their places, other ſeminaries erected in this metropolis, and proper maſters appointed, to inſtruct our children in the rudiments of Brag, Cribbage and Lanſquenet, till they were of a proper age to ſtudy Whiſt, and the other games of ſkill, at the academy of Mr. Hoyle. By ſuch a method our children would be trained up to make a figure in the world, and their parents ſaved the trouble and expence of a uſeleſs education.

I wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you would give us your thoughts upon this matter, which will certainly be agreeable to the ſerious part of your readers, and a great obligation to,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. Y.

P. S. Since my writing the above, I have been looking over the firſt volume of the World, and am ſorry to find Mr. Fitz-Adam himſelf ſo very faſhionable a man, as to countenance and recommend with his pen the grievance I have been complaining of. In number VII of your papers, you are pleaſed to expreſs yourſelf in the following words. "I look upon cards as an innocent "and uſeful amuſement; calculated to interrupt the "formal converſations and private cabals of large com-"panies, and to give a man ſomething to do, who has "nothing to ſay." If I had been your adviſer, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the paſſage ſhould have ſtood thus. "I "look upon cards as a ſenſeleſs and pernicious a-"muſement, calculated to interrupt the improving "converſations and enlivening ſallies of all companies, "and to level men of genius and underſtanding with "fools and coxcombs." This is really the truth of the matter; and if you conſider it as you ought, you will, I hope, retract your opinion as publicly as you have given it.

Yours, &c.

The

THE other letter is from a mother, complaining of the untoward diſpoſition of an only daughter.

SIR,

I AM a widow of five-and-thirty, with a handſome jointure, and have refuſed many good offers for the ſake of an only child, whom I have endeavoured to bring up in the moſt faſhionable manner I was able. She will have twelve thouſand pounds to her fortune when ſhe comes of age, and I have ſupported her at my own expence, that the intereſt of her portion may be added to the principal. I aſſure you, ſir, that I am not like other mothers of my youth and complexion, who in order to appear younger than they really are, confine their grown-up daughters at home, for fear of being rivalled by them in public aſſemblies. I thank Heaven I have no need of ſuch arts: for as often as I go abroad with mine, I am taken for her ſiſter; and I have the pleaſure of obſerving, that I have more civil things ſaid to me by the men, than my daughter can ever hope for. Not that the girl is either ugly or awkward; ſhe is as tall too as her mother, and has been of a marriageable age this year or two, being complete fifteen the 12th of laſt March: but as a colonel in the guards was pleaſed to tell me a few nights ago at Ranelagh, I have a certain air and manner, that my daughter muſt quite deſpair of imitating.

I MENTION theſe trifles, ſir, to convince you that I have not the motive of other mothers for locking up my daughter whenever I go abroad: on the contrary, I have carried her, at times, to all the polite aſſemblies in town: but alas, ſir! I cannot make her company for people of faſhion. She will neither play at cards with them, nor enter into the ſpirit of their converſation. She even pretends to bluſh at (what ſhe calls) the liberties I allow the men to take with me. She would not toaſt a ſentiment for the world; and for thoſe delicate double entendres, that ſo enliven all private companies, I cannot for the life of me teach her to underſtand them. To be ſure the girl has not ſo white a ſkin as her mother, nor can ſhe value herſelf upon that beautiful fall of ſhoulders, and elegance of neck, for which (I may ſay it without vanity) I was always ſo admired. But then,

Mr.

Mr. Fitz-Adam, thoſe parts of her perſon are not abſolutely odious; though by pinning her handkerchief conſtantly under her chin, ſhe would make every body believe ſo.

I HAVE taken immenſe pains in her education to fit her for the world; but it is my misfortune to ſee, that from an unaccountable perverſeneſs of mind, ſhe had rather ſhut herſelf up in her cloſet, poring upon the Spectators (which to my knowledge ſhe has read twenty times over) than ſit down to a card-table with the firſt company in England. And yet the girl does not want underſtanding neither; nay, her uncle in the country, who is a clergyman and an archdeacon, will have it that ſhe is the moſt accompliſhed young lady this day in England. But what can a country parſon know of accompliſhments? We who live in the polite circle, are certainly the beſt judges of thoſe matters. She plays well upon the muſic indeed, and has an immenſe pretty voice; but the misfortune is, that when ſhe ſhould be dreſſing for a rout, ſhe is either practiſing a leſſon, or ſinging a ſong; ſo that I muſt be forced to go without her, or ſtay till the card-tables are all full. A fig for her accompliſhments; I am ſure they have almoſt broke my heart; and I verily believe I ſhall be tempted to marry again, that I may have other children of more towardly diſpoſitions. It was but laſt ſunday, after ſpending the evening at cards, at the politeſt aſſembly in town (where I would gladly have taken her) that at my return home, I found her in her dreſſing-room, reading a ſermon to her maid. I am by no means againſt ſermons, Mr. Fitz-Adam; they do well enough at church; and when they are enlivened by good company, I can endure them as well as anybody: but the morning is the time for thoſe ſort of things, and they ought never to interfere with more agreeable amuſements.

THE girl has another whim too. You muſt know ſhe is naturally of a pale complexion; and for all that I can ſay or do, I cannot prevail upon her to lay on a little red, even though ſhe ſees every day how becoming it is to Me, who do not need it ſo much: ſo that ſhe goes into company like a mere ghoſt; but of what ſex, if it was not for her petticoats, would be hard to determine; for ſhe is abſolutely covered from head to foot. She had the ſaucineſs to tell me the other day, that I wanted her to dreſs and look like a woman of the town. I would

have